

JOE THE BOOK FARMER MAKING GOOD ON THE LAND

By
GARRARD HARRIS

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[Continued.]

Joe went with them and presented his record of expenditures; then returned to the field, where he and Link and Tom and Mr. Weston began gathering up the shucks to be stored for feed and bedding for the cattle in the winter time. After awhile the squire called from the front porch and beckoned Joe to come there. Joe and his father went up, accompanied by Tom, to hear the verdict.

"Well, Joe," said the squire, "we've been over all this mighty careful. Each man has added it and agreed on the total. Each man has divided it into bushels, and our fingers tally. Then we went over the expense and figured that out, too, and applied it pro rata per bushel."

"Yes, sir," said Joe, a lump in his throat. "What does it make?"

"You've done a plumb remarkable thing. You've made two hundred and thirty-three bushels of corn on that acre," announced the squire impressively. "I wouldn't 'a' believed it unless I seen it and weighed it, but that's what it is. The figures are right, and the weights are right."

"That's just bully!" said Joe, with glowing eyes. "I did not think it would run that high."

"Beats anything I ever seen!" exclaimed Tomlinson.

"But what about the cost?" inquired Joe anxiously.

"Well, sir, according to the records, you've made this here corn at a cost of 13½ cents a bushel."

Joe threw his hat in the air and gave a yell of joy, in which he was joined by Tom.

"I would have been tickled to death to have done it on from sixteen to twenty," he exclaimed. "They can't beat me to save their lives! I've got 'em beat!"

"Looks like it to me!" enthused Mr. Weston.

"Come on in here, now, Joe, and make the affidavies I write out to the cost and the record of work on all, so there can't be no question about it. I brought my seal with me, and I'll swear you to it. Then this committee will certify to it and swear to the weights and weights to the certificate," said the squire.

"Nothin' like doin' things up ship-shape with an affidavit," solemnly advised Mr. Tomlinson.

"No, we're all powerful proud of what you've done, Joe, and we don't want no slipup at the last minute," said Mr. Wilson. "We want our county to take the prize over all of 'em again."

"You goin' in for the prize at the county fair next week?" inquired the squire after the papers were all fixed.

"No, sir. I told the boys I would not compete with 'em on yield because I've had experience. This is the first year for about nine-tenths of 'em."

"That's powerful clever of you," approved Tomlinson.

"Sure is. You could take the prize all right, I reckon," said Mr. Wilson.

"I guess so, but I'll submit a dozen ears in competition for the prize for best dozen ears. I need that \$25 to go to the state fair on, where the real big fight will be," said Joe.

"Well, good luck to ye. We've had a fine time today, and I guess we've all learned somethin'," said the judge.

"I know I have. I'm goin' to try some of this intensive farming. If a feller can make one and two hundred bushels to the acre it's better'n scratchin' over so much ground like we do. Yep; I think I've learned somethin' today—considerable somethin'," he said as he shook hands and climbed in his buggy for the homeward trip.

"Me, too," said Tomlinson. "It ain't goin' to be five years till a farmer in this county that makes less than forty bushels to the acre is goin' to be counted a doggone poor farmer and too shiftless to live—mark what I tell you. We're all havin' our eyes opened."

Tom Ralston stayed to supper, and it was a happy and jubilant party. After supper they began sorting over the corn by lantern light to pick out a dozen ears to try for the prize ear competition at the county fair and the state fair also. By bedtime they had found only three ears that came up to Joe's idea of perfection.

Next day the hunt for fine ears went forward. Two surprisingly fine ones were found among the common run of the corn. During the course of the search every ear had been handled, and the result was about a bushel and a half of beautiful corn.

Then came the work of sorting this down to twelve. Joe marked the different varieties with thread of different color tied about the ears after he had selected the dozen. Everything was then in readiness for the county fair the following week.

Mr. Weston hitched up the team next Monday early. Tom Ralston came

along on his pony. Mrs. Weston and Annie were in the wagon, and Link had a place in there too. The colored boy had worked most faithfully and was enthused over learning about agriculture, so he was given the trip also. Joe entered his dozen ears of corn, and it was placed with merely a number on it—no name. The corn expert of the state and the commissioner of agriculture and an agent of the federal department of agriculture were the judges.

The Corn club exhibit of the county was good—three times as good as that of the previous year. The best record presented was a hundred and one bushels on an acre. Some of the boys were much disturbed when they found Joe Weston was on the ground, but were reassured when he repeated that he would not compete except for the best dozen ears.

When the prize winners were announced he got the \$25 in a walk. No one came near him on it.

"I doubt if there's another dozen ears in the entire state that can equal them," said the great authority on corn, who did the grading, as he pinned the blue ribbon on the exhibit and handed Joe Weston two ten-dollar gold pieces and a five.

As they drove home that evening Joe was jubilant.

"Pa, you've got to go to the state fair with me," he commanded.

"Oh, shucks, Joe! I can't spare the money nor the time."

"I'm paying for this. It's my treat, and this \$25 will see us through in great shape. It will keep you from getting behind the times. I want you to see that fair. We'll spend three days. It's educational."

"What about the work on the place?" began Mr. Weston.

"Nothing to do next week except look after the stock. Link can do that, and I'll hire his father three days out of the money I get for teaching Tom."

"I'm powerful rusty on do's," waved Mr. Weston.

"There'll be such a crowd there nobody will notice your clothes," assured Joe.

"Take your ma and Annie instead," said Mr. Weston.

"We're going to stay right here, now, pa. You ain't had a holiday in I don't know when. I want you to go. We ain't going a step," said his wife.

"Oh, all right, then!" succumbed Mr. Weston.

Really he was as excited as Joe was when he was about to take the trip to Washington. He had never been to the state capital and had never seen a real, sure enough big fair.

So it was settled that they would leave the following Tuesday on the train which passed the town at 8 o'clock, and Tom Ralston was to go with them.

CHAPTER XVII. Off to the Fair.

JOE, Mr. Weston and Tom Ralston were encoined on the train bound for the fair. It was packed with a jolly crowd of visitors for the same destination.

"Oh, by the way, father will meet us there," said Tom Ralston joyfully. "I wired him last week we would leave today. He said last spring he wanted to see the fair and would try to get down in time, so I heard from him yesterday. He's already there and has engaged quarters for us at the hotel."

"I'll be mighty glad to see him," said Joe. "And I guess it's a good thing he has rooms for us. I saw in the paper that there was such a crowd in town that all the places were filled up and folks were sleeping in chairs in the hotel lobbies."

"I'm glad he's fixed it, too," said Mr. Weston. "I ain't much on this chair snooze. Every time I go to sleep in my chair it gives me a crick in my neck."

They arrived at the capital city a bit before noon. Streets and stores were gay with banners and bunting, bands were parading, and an excited, eager stream of people extended from the depot, where several excursion trains were discharging their loads.

Mr. Ralston was watching for the party and seized on them at once, shaking hands jubilantly.

"My, my; it's a sight for sore eyes to see you! I've been here a day and a half, and, say, this fair is great! It's a liberal education to see it. I'm coming every year. And such stock! Why, I never saw the like of fine cows."

"Any muley black ones?" innocently inquired Tom. His father gulped, began to turn red and grinned sheepishly.

"Now, Tom; now, Tom!" he began pleadingly.

"I just wanted to know. I think the muley ones are the safest. They can't hook—only butt," said Tom demurely. Mr. Ralston grinned.

"Yes, I suppose so, and if we ever buy any more cows I'm strong for the muley kind," he said.

"Look here, what's the joke?" demanded Joe Weston.

"Oh, just a little private one between us," said Tom. "I can't give it away yet."

"Come on up to our rooms and wash up. We'll get some dinner first, then go to the fair afterward. We can get supper there," suggested Mr. Ralston.

He had got two handsome adjoining rooms, and after the dust of travel had been removed from the new arrivals Mr. Ralston handed Joe the morning paper.

"They are expecting you, Joe," he said. "Big writeup of the Corn club contest, and you seem to be considered the man they've all got to beat. It's the field against you." Joe saw his name in big type in the headlines.

"I think I've got 'em tied out," he said confidently, as he showed Mr.

A SEASON TICKET Is What You Want

A SEASON TICKET admits to all the ten sessions of the Chautauqua—and cuts the cost in two! Without it you will be paying your 25 cent, 35 cent and 50 cent admissions at the gate each day, and you'd be surprised at the difference it makes. So get SEASON tickets and the whole Chautauqua will cost you only a few cents a number. Figure it out for yourself.

BUY TICKETS EARLY

BUY them early and save 25 cents. The price will be raised when the tent goes up. The season ticket COMMITTEE are out trying their best to make this Chautauqua a glorious success. They see its value from both an individual and a community standpoint, and they are putting in their time and their best efforts because they believe in boosting a community enterprise of this sort to the front. Let's get behind these men and put the town on the Chautauqua map so it will stick there.

You will find tickets on sale in many of the stores and banks. Ask any one down on the street about them and you'll get the whole story. Remember the Chautauqua is to be out of doors in a big waterproof tent where it will be cool and pleasant. There will be ten great musical programs, five lectures of the sort you'll like and an abundance of entertainment to add variety and spice to the affair, besides, a Junior Chautauqua for boys and girls.

GET A PROGRAM BOOK

GET one of the beautiful souvenir program booklets that tell the whole story. It is handsomely illustrated and tastefully gotten up. It is a book you'll want to read from cover to cover and then put away and keep after you have heard this great list of Chautauqua celebrities. It gives all the details, the program for each day, prices of tickets and every fact of interest about the Chautauqua.

And Don't Forget to See About the Tickets the Next Time You're
Downtown

COMMUNITY CHAUTAUQUA

AT MORRISVILLE, BEGINNING AUGUST 18.

Ralston the record.

"Why, gee whizz, you are as certain to win on this showing as we are to go downstairs," the manufacturer exclaimed. "That's fine. And I'm going to send Tom along with you, if you don't mind, for a year at that school."

"Suits me all right. It will be just fine," heartily agreed Joe Weston.

"I looked into the matter of the prize," said Mr. Weston. "That scholarship is worth \$500. The fair management got it for less on account of the advertising, but if you want they'll commute it for \$300 cash. That's what they are actually to pay for it, I understand."

"No, sir; if I win I want that scholarship," said Joe.

"Yes, that's worth more than the money, by a heap," agreed Mr. Weston.

"All right, let's go down and eat," suggested their host and led the way to the crowded dining room.

The four were seated at a table placed close to another one. At the next table were three men, and one with his back to them was talking. Evidently, from his conversation, he was a county superintendent of education from somewhere in the state. He talked in rather a loud voice, and every word of what he said was audible.

"What I am afraid of," said he, "is that Joe Weston, the state champion of last year, will enter." The mention of Joe's name made his party prick up their ears.

"If Joe Weston ain't in it I think my boy will win the prize, and I am dreadfully anxious for him to. I never did have my heart so set on anything," he continued.

"Any special reason?" said one of the men at his table, helping himself to a stalk of celery and munching idly away on it.

"Yes, there is," asserted the school-teacher earnestly. "The most urgent reasons. You see, this boy I am interested in is only fifteen years old. He's the eldest of four children, all three considerably younger than he is. His mother is a widow—been so for four years now. Her husband was a trifling drunkard who mistreated them and died, leaving them absolutely destitute and on the hands of charity. And this boy has been the man of the family ever since."

"Too bad, too bad!" said the other of the listeners.

(to be Continued.)

One Thing Youthful.
My small son and I were riding on the "L" the other day and just across from us sat an elderly woman who had evidently dyed her hair, for it was a bright golden brown. Billy looked at her for some time and then leaned over to me and whispered: "Mudder, see dat lady. She is all old but her hair."—Chicago Tribune.

ELECTING A PRESIDENT



Madison
Defeats
Pinckney
Decisively
In
1808.

THE Democratic Republicans nominated James Madison of Virginia in 1808. His running mate was George Clinton of New York. The Republican ticket that year was C. C. Pinckney of South Carolina and Rufus King of New York. The election took place on Nov. 8, and the vote, as counted on Feb. 6, 1809, was: Madison, 122; Pinckney, 47.

In the election of 1812 Madison, renominated by the Republicans, defeated DeWitt Clinton of New York by a vote of 128 to 89. Nominations were made by a caucus, and Clinton refused to be bound, and the Federalists decided to support George Clinton.

(Watch for the election of Monroe in 1816 in our next issue.)

Itch! Itch! Itch!—Scratch! Scratch! Scratch! The more you scratch, the worse the itch. Try Doan's Ointment. For eczema, any skin itching. 50c a box.—adv.

Fond Mother's Pride.
"I suppose your son was well prepared for college," said the casual friend. "Yes, indeed," replied the fond mother. "The president wrote the faculty could not teach him anything, so they permitted him to come home."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Wisdom.
Wisdom has riches in her right hand and honor and long life in her left; but she must be wooed and won for her own sake, not for her dowry. —Lyman Abbott.

CARTOONIST WILL DRAW THIS PICTURE BEFORE CHAUTAUQUA AUDIENCE

This and many other cartoons will be drawn by Clayton Conrad, cartoonist, in his program here on the opening day



of the Chautauqua. Mr. Conrad is a newspaper and platform cartoonist who has succeeded in making his work a distinct feature of the programs of the American Quartet, the opening musical number of the five days' Chautauqua. He uses two easels.

WILL SING OLD TIME DARKY MELODIES AT THE CHAUTAUQUA

Dunbar Southern Singers in Songs of the Southland Third Day Feature.

Some of the old favorite songs of the sixties are to be sung by the Dunbar Southern Singers in their programs here on the third day of the Chautauqua. These will include "Get on Board the Gospel Train," "My Old Kentucky Home" and many old plantation melodies. These will be sung by a quartet of four young women, with banjo accompaniment. The company is one of the best appearing among the Chautauquists this season. Charles Prink, banjoist, will give a clever impersonation of an old darky singing and playing the banjo, and there will be many other amusing and entertaining features.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. H. H. H. H.*

FREDERICK WARDE IS COMING FOR CHAUTAUQUA LECTURE ENGAGEMENT

Management Feels Special Pride
In Announcing Him For Shake-
spearean Tercentenary Year.

WILL BE HERE ON THIRD DAY.

Was Long a Member of Edwin Booth's
Company, Playing Laertes to Booth's
Hamlet—Left Stage For Platform.

The Chautauqua management feels a special pride in the coming of Frederick Warde to this city as one of the Chautauqua attractions in this Shakespearean tercentenary year. Mr. Warde, as is well known, has done perhaps more to popularize the plays of Shakespeare than any other living man.

The purpose of his work has always been to encourage the study of Shakespeare and to remove the mistaken im-



Frederick Warde.

pression of profundity and obscurity and illustrate the beauty of his poetry, the depth of his philosophy, the universality of his knowledge and his all pervading Christianity.

Mr. Warde has been an impersonator of Shakespearean characters for almost half a century and was for a long time a member of Edwin Booth's company, playing Laertes to Booth's Hamlet. He is the foremost actor of Shakespearean tragedy and is the first great actor to have left the stage at the height of his career to devote his talents exclusively to the platform. He has made scores of Chautauqua appearances, appearing only on the larger and stronger Chautauqua programs.

His popularity is due, of course, to his great mastery of his work and to his love of the people. He has thousands of admirers throughout the country, and it is impossible for him to appear anywhere in public without being met with hearty handshakes and cordial greetings.

He is scheduled to appear here on the third day of the Chautauqua, and his subject as announced is "Shakespeare and His Plays."

Rev. Artemus Dean, said to be the oldest surviving alumnus of Amherst College and a prominent Presbyterian clergyman, died at Mount Carmel, Pa., last day. He was born in Chelsea in 1824.

Triopolitan Exports.
A fifth of the export trade of Tripoli is in sponges and a third in esparto grass, a wire mesh product which is sent in large quantities to England, where it is used in papermaking.

WE'LL PAY YOU \$1.00
FOR YOUR OLD FOUNTAIN PEN
FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY
PROVIDED YOU BUY A
CROCKER INK-TITE SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN

ONLY ONE OLD PEN TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR EACH NEW PEN PURCHASED.
This unusual offer is one of our original methods of advertising the Crocker, the most satisfactory self-filling pen made.

We make a big sacrifice, for the old pens are frequently worthless, but the splendid things you say about the Crocker Pen induce many others to buy it, so although we lose at the start, we gain at the finish.

The pens we offer are the genuine Crocker Ink-Tite Pens worth the full retail price. It is simply impossible to buy a better fountain pen anywhere.

Exchange Your Old Pen Now.
DON'T WAIT.
GEO. B. FOSS, Hyde Park, Vt.

NOTICE!

The two-so-called "Elmer Hart" brooks, one on the easterly side of the farm now owned and occupied by W. N. Reed, running within two rods of his house, the other on the easterly side of said Reed's house about sixty rods therefrom, both having their origin and running upon and about one-half mile through land of W. N. Reed of Morrisville, County of Lamoille, State of Vermont, are hereby closed against fishing for a period of fifteen years from the 20th day of July, 1916.

This action is taken in accordance with, and agreeable to, the provisions of Section 67, No. 201, of the Acts of 1912, as amended by the Session of 1915, the provisions of said Section have been complied with by W. N. Reed aforesaid, and by the State of Vermont through its Fish and Game Commissioner.

Dated at Lyndonville, Vermont, this 11th day of July, 1916.

Signed J. W. TITCOMB,
State Fish and Game Com'r.